

# WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

# VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1806.

No. 51.]

*For the Weekly Visitor.*

FROM THE  
LADIES' (LONDON) MUSEUM.

(Concluded.)

MY next visit was to the amiable Maria, a young lady who had been left under my care: and whose sweetness of disposition inspired me with the tenderest regard. Maria was all *soul* and *sensibility*: and from the moment of her arriving at woman's estate, I had been all solicitude to see her settled; and to find a man capable of appreciating her worth. Maria, however, unfortunately thought it advisable to choose her partner for life, and placed her affections upon a man whose impetuous temper was universally known. Nothing could be said in favour of this ill-fated attachment; there was neither fortune, situation, nor any thing to attract, except that of a *handsome person*: yet Maria was endowed both with refinement and sense. Every argument that could be urged I made use of; but, alas! without the desired effect, and, in spite of all persuasion, the indissoluble knot was tied.

At the time of my visit, Maria had been about seven months married, and was far advanced in a pregnant state, and at unexpectedly seeing me walk into her garden, her lovely countenance was suffused with a blush of delight. Her situ-

ation excited an additional interest—never had she appeared half so attractive in my eyes. "Surely," said I mentally, 'the reports I have heard are unfounded! No man could behave ill to a creature so divine!' I had never seen Leander since his marriage, yet too well I knew that his temper was naturally bad. In less than half an hour after my arrival, he made his appearance: a smile of welcome illumined his face; and when Maria left us, for the purpose of giving some direction to her servants, he informed me, that she was the most amiable of her sex, and that he was envied by every creature in the village, as his adored Maria was universally beloved and admired.

"I rejoice," said I 'my dear Sir, at finding you are sensible of the intrinsic excellence of your wife: so high an opinion did I always entertain of her, that I scarcely conceived it possible to find a man worthy of such a prize, and had I been twenty years younger, I would have disputed my right with you.' Maria, at this instant, joined us. "We were talking of *you*, my beloved girl," said Leander, warmly pressing her with violence to his heart. There was something more of the violence of *passion*, than of the gentleness of pure love, in this action. Maria complained that his button had hurt her side, when, with a degree of rudeness, for which I could have knocked him down with pleasure, he pushed her hand from his arm, exclaiming "In-

deed! one would imagine that you were made of wax; for you shrunk from my touch as if you were fearful of being broken into a thousand parts."

"No, my love," replied the gentle creature, 'but indeed your button hurt my breast.'—Well, the next time I kiss you,' replied the savage, 'you shall not complain.' I darted at the monster a look of indignation, which the blushing Maria perceived. 'Do not,' said she 'accustom yourself to speak so harshly, or my guardian will think you quite a brute: it is merely his way, Sir,' continued she, smiling, 'for he would be miserable, if he really thought I was hurt.'

A servant at this moment informed Leander that he was wanted. I drew Maria's hand under my arm: 'My sweet girl,' said I, 'let me candidly ask you, are you happy with the object of your choice?' 'Yes,' replied Maria, with a sigh that penetrated to the inmost recesses of my heart, whilst her azure eyes, in spite of her endeavours, involuntarily filled with tears. 'Your appearance, Maria, contradicts that assertion:' and clasping my hands together, I exclaimed, 'Great God!' 'Indeed,' said the enchanting creature, 'I am happy; but my spirits have lately not been very good, and the unexpected sight of a friend whom I consider as a parent, has softened every feeling of my heart.' Perceiving her husband approaching, she turned into another walk, fearing he should perceive



her emotion, and too easily suspect the real cause.

We soon received a summons to dinner. Leander then appeared very attentive to his wife, and carefully selected for her those parts of which she was fond. This mode of conduct pleased me; but entering into conversation after dinner, Maria happened to differ in opinion, when he unceremoniously desired her to hold her d—d *foolish tongue*, as she was speaking at random, and of what she did not comprehend.

To restrain my tongue, I now found difficult; but I merely contented myself with saying Maria was *perfectly right*; in fact, continued I, when under my protection, her opinion was always considered as an oracle by me. You have *spoiled her a little* to be sure, Sir, replied Leander, endeavouring to conceal his chagrin; but wives ought to be obedient to their husbands, as St. Paul observes.—Silence prevailed a few moments, when Leander started from his seat, and embracing Maria, said he believed he was a *brute*. During the remainder part of the day, he continued in good humour; but I had seen enough of his temper, to be convinced that a disposition like Maria's, could never be happy with such a man, and I retired to my chamber, deploring that fate which she had chosen for herself.

It was just stepping into bed, when my ears were startled by the loud tones of Leander's voice, abusing one of the servants, in language at which every gentleman ought to have blushed. In vain did the amiable girl endeavour to allay his fury, by saying she was certain the servant had not intentionally disobeyed his commands, for his passion was then directed towards a new object, and he imprecated curses upon her devoted head. Never to be forgotten are the sensations which such barbarity inspired: sleep totally fled from my eye-lids, and my whole frame was agitated to a violent degree.

When we assembled at breakfast, the next morning, Maria's swollen eyes told a melancholy tale: in vain she endeavoured to appear cheerful; but her husband appeared totally unconcerned, and addressed her with the same ease of manners, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. Though I had intended to pass a week with this ill-fated young woman, I would not have done it for five thousand pounds. The altercations of Adolphus and Amelia had disgusted me, but to witness the treatment this lovely creature met with, agonized my soul. She complained of indisposition after breakfast. Leander instantly took the alarm, flew to obtain medical assistance, and was all kindness, solicitude, and love. That this capricious mortal loves her, is beyond dispute; but her life is an alternate scene of sun-shine and storm; for the slightest contradiction will put him out of temper, and the being who is entitled to all his tenderness, then appears to be an object of his hate. A letter by the post was a pretence for my departure; yet, with a heavy heart, I took leave, and returned to my own peaceful habitation, more disgusted than ever, with the marriage state.

That this world, Mr. Editor, is intended as a scene of *trial and probation*, does not admit of a doubt; and, in the next, I hope the amiable Maria will meet with her reward: but to see a being formed for domestic happiness, united to a man whose tempestuous passions must embitter every moment of her life, is exposing myself to a sight which at once mortifies and afflicts me beyond what either my fortitude, or my philosophy can endure.

*For the Weekly Visitor.*

#### THE SPORTSMAN'S INVITATION.

SPORTSMEN, sound the clarion horn,  
Welcome the approach of morn:  
Drowsy sluggards, quit the couch,  
Fill the ammunition pouch.

Sol emitting of his rays,  
Smiles refulgent on the maze;  
Warbling birds proclaim the day,  
Brother sportsmen, hark! away!  
Hark! the echoing horn resounds  
O'er the fields and meadow grounds;  
Hear the greyhound's thrilling bowl;  
See the flight of water fowl.  
Feather'd songsters fill the air  
With their chirpings, and the hare,  
Timorously behind the bush,  
Startles at the warbling thrush.

Sportsmen, mount the dappled steed,  
Swiftly glide across the mead;  
And, as soon as Reynard's ta'en,  
We'll recross the verdant plain.  
When the shades of night advance,  
Come and join the rural dance:  
Fill the sparkling goblets high,  
To's mandate we'll obey.

Where's the man, who leads a life,  
Free from envy, free from strife,  
More than sportsmen of the chase,  
More than us who roam the waste!  
No! there's none that lives on earth,  
Who, like us, partakes of mirth.

X. Y. Z.

#### GRACE.

If you would find the goddess of grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole. She is now contemplation, with solemn look; again compassion, with humid eye. She now sparkles with joy; soon every feature speaks distress; her looks at times invite our approach; at others, repress our presumption. The goddess cannot be called beautiful under every one of those forms, but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing.

Be armed against the future, and enjoy the present, and you will be an example of happiness, to the rich and great.

*For the Weekly Visitor.*

ANECDOTE, FROM  
MR. PARK'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

"THE Moors," says Mr. P. "have singular ideas of feminine perfection. The gracefulness of figure and motion, and a countenance enlivened by expression, are by no means essential points in their standard: with them, corpulence and beauty appear to be terms nearly synonymous. A woman of even moderate pretensions, must be one who cannot walk without a slave under each arm, to support her; and a perfect beauty, is a load for a camel. In consequence of this prevalent taste for unweildiness of bulk, the Moorish ladies take great pains to acquire it early in life; and, for this purpose, many of the young girls are compelled, by their mothers, to devour a great quantity of kouskous, and drink a large bowl of camel's milk every morning. It is of no importance, whether the girl has an appetite or not; the kouskous and milk must be swallowed; and obedience is frequently enforced by blows. I have seen a poor girl sit crying, with the bowl at her lips, for more than an hour; and her mother, with a stick in her hand, watching her all the while, and using the stick without mercy, whenever she observed that her daughter was not swallowing. This singular practice, instead of producing indigestion and disease, soon covers the young lady with that degree of plumpness, which, in the eye of a Moor is perfection itself.

#### DOMESTIC ILL TEMPER.

Expect not a story deck'd in the garb of fancy, but look at home.

A LITTLE before Sir R——'s arrival, lady H——, who had been much fatigued with nursing one of her children, that was ill, sat down on a sofa, and fell into a slumber. Soon after, being roused by the sound of his carriage, as it approached the house, she suddenly started up—

hastily arranged some chairs that were displaced, and, adjusting her dress in the same hurried manner, sat down at a table in visible anxiety.

Alas! thought Constantia, is this the arrival of a husband!

Sir R—— entered.—'What is the meaning, Lady H——,' said he, sternly, 'that the hall windows are open at this time of night? In this damp weather, all comfort in the house is destroyed by it.'

'I know not,' replied the lady, mildly; 'how they have been neglected; the servants are generally very attentive.'

'It is your business to see that they do their duty.'

'I have been much occupied with—'

'I was not asking,' interrupted Sir R. abruptly, 'how you had been employed, I only meant to remind you, that if you do not attend to your domestic concerns, you must expect them to be neglected. Did you send for Newman, as I ordered?'

'Yes, but he was not at home.'

'When was he expected?'

'Matthew forgot to enquire, but he desired that he might be sent here the moment he came home.'

'And you propose to wait patiently till he comes?'

'What else can be done?'

'Send for another carpenter.'

'No other can do the work so well.'

'I wish, my dear you could understand how unpleasant it is to hear nonsense.'

'Silence now ensued; till it was broken by Sir R——'s saying to Lady H—— 'So you don't think proper to tell me how Fanny does?'

'She is better.'

'And as that is agreeable information, you choose to keep it till I extorted it from you?'

Lady H—— gave no answer but a sigh; and long silence again ensued, and was broken by Sir R——, who expressed high admiration of his wife's and Constantia's taciturnity.

'When you arrived,' said Constantia, 'I was inclined to conversation, but imagined you were not disposed for it.'

'And my wife, I suppose, imagined I was in a bad humour; she has no allowance to make for a man's being tired and disgusted with troublesome business: having nothing to trouble herself, she can form no idea of the irritating things men meet with abroad.—What easy lives some women lead! They know nothing of the hardships which men, who are engaged in the bustle of the world, have to encounter.'

'I should think,' said Constantia, 'that domestic vexations may prey upon the mind as severely as any whatever.'

#### MEN

Are too much like restive horses, proud of their power and strength, they resist opposition, and coercive treatment; but a little gentle stroking, a few coaxing manœuvres, rarely fail of producing the desired effect, both on man and beast.

#### INFANCY.

THERE are few perhaps in the world, who have not cause to look back with regret on the days of INFANCY; yet, to say the truth, I suspect some deception in this; for infancy itself has its cares, and though we cannot now conceive how trifles could affect us much, it is certain they did. Trifles they appear now, but such they were not then.

He is ashamed to expose his true motives, who assigns for his conduct, ridiculous reasons, with a serious face.



*From the Emerald.*

THE WANDERER, NO. XLII.

"Ephraim feedeth on wind."

SO do many others at this day. When I stroll abroad and see the motley groups of characters, that crowd every street, I almost believe in transmigration of souls, and think EPHRAIM revives in modern Israel.

When I see a man sacrifice every thing to politics, devote long days and sleepless nights to the whims of the times, pant in pursuit of phantoms, faint as he finds them air, the passage recurs in full force: "*Ephraim feedeth on wind.*" I shrink within myself, on reflecting, how soon *what he depends on, for support, will blow him away.*

When I meet one, whom nature has denied wings to enable him to soar to the height of the butterfly, with hat under his arm, and stick in hand, rings on each finger, spectacles on nose, and saved only by powder from being *light-headed*, I do not wait for the appearance of a lady to convince me that he *feeds* on nothing. "Less than nothing, and vanity," he can live by mere *taste* of air. A Caméléon, that would change color, but from want of shame.

Mark yon wretch, that trembles on the verge of eternity. The cadaverous complexion of death begins to overspread his countenance. Though rich as Cræsus, not a subject of that monarch, whose life was not luxury and extravagance to his. Sordidly affluent, his soul could never have preferred loss to unjust gain. The light of heaven he would barter for another shilling, and think it a bargain. He would not indeed sell "his birthright for a mess of pottage;" for he would not allow himself the luxury. "*Ephraim feedeth on wind.*" In company, a torpedo that would chill! Every thing is cold, cold as his subterranean treasure.

I met a bard the other day, as I turned one of the corners. His hair, from want

of comb or a string, "*streamed*" indeed "like a meteor to the troubled air." His eyes were sunk deep in his head, as if they would retreat from nature, that he might look through it more distinctly in remote perspective. The haggardness of his appearance bespoke the meagreness of his diet. "Praise" said a maniac bard, "is the only manna we poets feed on. We devour it, as if it were angel's food, and vainly think we grow immortal." It might have been said once, but now this cheap food is denied them. The world is dead, *dead in trespasses and sins.* Were the Muse herself to descend, and perch on Parnassus, and sing to a sleeping creation, she would not be able to gain a moment's attention; to break their slumbers, or rouse them from their lethargy. The sigh swelled spontaneous. "*Ephraim*" alas! "*feedeth on wind.*"

The lawyer that lives on hopes of glory, "*feedeth on wind.*" The divine, that expects salvation from faith, without works, "*feedeth on wind.*" The doctor that rides all day without a single patient, has the lankness of EPHRAIM, "*feedeth on wind*;" and on his return home is not a little mortified to find his children cry for other means of subsistence.

Quidnuncs are mere *feeders on wind*, and not very dainty as to the qualities of the air. Novel readers are among ladies what quidnuncs are among men. They are well known at the circulating library; the owner of which, aware of their hobby, keeps the run of their custom, by the quarterly expense of a few, new title-pages.

Men, who live on very substantial food, may yet, in the true spirit of Hosea, *feed on wind.* The Epicure, whose idol is appetite, who bows down to himself, and the meanest part of himself, who looks forward to a *new earth* with rapture, only because he expects new dishes there, who disbelieves in heaven, because he cannot conceive of *happiness* without *eating*; with however keen a relish, he devours his viands, like Ephraim, still *feedeth on wind.*

His appetite will soon leave him, cloyed into satiety, and motionless with gout. He will not be able to take the same pleasure in the choicest, the rustic takes in the most ordinary food. While the *mere animal* is thus growing weaker and weaker, thus *dies daily*, the *man* is already dead. The soul has gone out. The light of understanding has long since, sunk and died away in the socket of sensuality. Verily, *Ephraim feedeth on wind.*

The soldier,

"sudden and quick in quarrel,  
"Seeking the bubble reputation,  
"Even in the cannon's mouth."

and perhaps losing reputation and life both, is *Ephraim feeding on wind.*

The son of Neptune, that passes the street, was once a lover. An officer in the navy, in one of his land cruises, he encountered fair AMORET, and struck his colors. The captive of love was treated less respectfully than a *prisoner of war*. He scorned to be trifled with, and broke his thralldom. He found, he had *fed on wind*; and was then hardly good-natured enough, to call it *sweet air*. He no longer sighs *warful ballads* to his mistress' eye brow, but sings again *Te Deums* to the god of victory.

The other is the son of an opulent planter. The same sorceress enthralled him. He though the enchantment was mutual, and was led to hope Hymen would soon break the charm. The place of residence was agreed. He repaired thither, purchased him a house, fitted it up in the most elegant manner, wrote her his success, and according to a supposed promise, anxiously awaited her approach. But *Ephraim feedeth on wind*: she complained of his impertinence, and there ended their loves.

I could multiply instances, but should soon get to be an instance myself. Did I write much more, and still expect to be read, the hope would be illusive, and the last smile of the reader would be at the expense of The Wanderer, "*Ephraim feedeth on wind.*" K.

*From the Palladium.*

### A COQUET.

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

Lounging one afternoon, the last week in Cornhill, I had an opportunity of observing the manners of some of your Boston bells, and overhearing such parts of their conversation, as, by the loudness of their tones, and the side glances of their eyes, they evidently intended should be heard by the passengers. Now as I pass much of the year in the country, and am seldom long in town, my observation was keen and curious; and I cannot but confess that those young ladies, who make a daily promenade in Cornhill, convinced me, that, whatever modern pedants might say, the ladies of the present day were not materially different from those of former times. CONGREVE certainly had one of those Cornhill ladies in his eye, when he wrote the following description, although, to answer his own ends, and avoid giving offence to the ladies, he chose to bestow on a *Shepherdess* a character of which we know nothing in the country.

RUSTICUS.

Fair *Amour* has gone astray,  
Pursue, and seek her, every lover;  
I'll tell the signs by which you may  
The wandering *Shepherdess* discover.

Coquet and coy, at once, her air,  
Both studied, though both seem neglected;  
Careless she is, with artful care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,  
Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Though certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
For that which in herself she prizes;  
And while she laughs at them, forgets  
She is the thing that she despises.

In the hope of disarming censure by diffidence, and obviating the imputation of presumption, it has been a kind of established etiquette for a virgin Muse to bind up her blushes in an introductory bouquet, and present them to the reader,

as an offering of humility and conciliation. But the good sense of the present day, has, in a great measure, exploded, as idle and impertinent, this species of literary affectation. Whatever a writer may profess, praise or profit will always be considered his real motive; and when he has once overcome his feelings, so far as to venture upon the public stage, if his other merits are only in proportion to his modesty, he will find that, he has overrated his pretensions.

### DEATH PREFERRED IN AN INN.

WERE I in a condition to stipulate with death, as I am at this moment with my apothecary—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think of the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up, and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself; but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house, but rather in some decent inn—At home—I know it—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows, and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper, which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention.

*Sterne.*

### REVENGE.

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For, as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong, putteth the law out of office. Certainly in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over

he is superior. It is a prince's part to pardon.

The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but let a man take heed, that the revenge be such, as there is no law to punish.

*Ld. Bacon.*

THE frequent unhappiness of MARRIAGE has given occasion to many sage maxims among the serious, and smart remarks among the gay; the moralist, and the writer of epigrams, have equally shown their abilities upon it; some have lamented, and some have ridiculed it, but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a masculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miserable, has been always thrown upon WOMEN, and the grave and the merry have always thought themselves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or satirical censures of female folly or fickleness, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or lust.

### CONTENTMENT.

"SEE (said Achmet, pointing to a river in which several swans were eagerly swimming after their own shadows, in the stream) "those silly birds imitate mankind; they are in pursuit of that which their own motion puts to flight; behold others who have tired themselves with their unnecessary labour, and sitting still, are in the possession of what their utmost endeavours could never have accomplished. Thus, my son, happiness is the shadow of contentment, and rests or moves forever with its original."

*Cooper.*

To adopt a right way of thinking, and determining, we should compare books with men, and ourselves with both, enquiring upon what grounds we differ from what we read, and what we behold.



## WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, Oct. 18.

THE following circumstance is related in the French papers, as having occurred early in December, at Nordkooping, in Sweden;—The governor of that city gave an entertainment, to which every person of distinction in the place was invited. Amongst the company, there was a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, but remarkable for her excessive jealousy of her husband, who is a captain of dragoons. In the course of the evening, it was proposed to act a piece, and *Pyramus and Thisbe* was chosen. A very charming young lady of sixteen, desired to perform the part of *Thisbe*, and that of *Pyramus*, was assigned to the captain, who played with so much ardour, as to excite the jealousy of his wife: She watched his every gesture; and in the scene where the lovers determine to elope, the young lady, not recollecting, probably, that in the original story an *envyous* wall prevents their embrace, thought that the representation would be much more natural, if *Pyramus* were to receive, without interruption, a few kisses from the impassioned *Thisbe*. *Pyramus*, unfortunately, appeared to receive, with extreme satisfaction, the caresses of his dear *Thisbe*. The married lady immediately snatched a knife, which one of the performers wore as a dagger, and stabbed the unfortunate young woman. She afterwards rushed at her husband, with the intention of stabbing him also; but the design was happily frustrated. She then attempted to stab herself, but the knife was wrested from her, and she was secured. The wound which the young lady received, is luckily not dangerous. The husband the next day applied for a divorce, and the jealous wife is, in the interim, rigidly guarded.

## MONUMENT OF HAMILTON.

The Corporation of Trinity Church has erected, over the grave of HAMILTON, in Trinity Church yard, a beautiful Mo-

nument of white marble, composed of a Pyramid resting on an elevated base or pedestal, surrounded with four elegant urns, and rising to the height of twelve feet. The following is the inscription:

"To the memory of  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,  
The Corporation of the Trinity Church  
has erected

## THIS MONUMENT

In testimony of their respect, for  
The Patriot of incorruptible integrity,  
The Soldier of approved valour  
The Statesman of consummate wisdom;  
Whose virtues and talents will be  
admired

By Grateful Posterity

Long after this marble shall be moulder-  
ed into dust.

He died July the 12th, 1804....aged 47.

An ingenious project for fortifying the harbour of New York at the Narrows, between Long Island and Staten Island, by Mr. Archibald Robertson of New-York, has been forwarded to gen. Dearborn, the secretary at war. The mode proposed is by a chain and boom, anchored at a salient angle between Signal Hill and the shoal opposite Denise's: the chain to be defended by batteries and gun boats. It is reported that the proposal of Mr. Robertson has been very favourably spoken of by Col. Williams.

Covent Garden.—Another disturbance happened last night at Covent Garden Theatre, in consequence of the absence of Cooke, who was to have performed *Peregrine*, in the comedy of *John Fust*, but who did not attend, and could not be found.—Kemble came forward, and made a liberal excuse for Cooke, conceiving that some untoward accident had detained him. At length, after a scene of turbulence and confusion, Brunton was suffered to read the part, and the Comedy went off tolerably well. We have a respect for the talents of Cooke, and understand that, except in moments of *regelry*, he conducts himself very properly in private life; but his frequent acts of negligence

in professional duty, deserve severe reprobation, and are calculated wholly to exhaust the patient toleration of the public.

Eug. Post.

From the daily Prints.

From Lisbon.

Capt. Doane, arrived at Boston, left Lisbon the 9th ult. Earl St. Vincent's, with 6 sail of the line, and 2 frigates, had arrived there—probably to protect the British interest, in case Portugal was invaded by a French and Spanish army, which was daily expected. It was reported that negotiations for peace were broken off.

From Cadiz.

Accounts from Cadiz, as late as the 1st ult. say, that there were 12 French and Spanish ships of the line there ready for sea—that Collingwood with 8 of the line, was off the harbour—that the invasion of Portugal was expected—and that the pacific negotiations had failed.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B's" observations on Beauty, are received, and shall appear in our next number.

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons, of whom 9 were men, 13 women, 11 boys, and 7 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abscess 1, apoplexy 1, casualty 1, child-bed 1, consumption 5, convulsions 2, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 2, intermittent fever 1, flux infantile 5, hives 2, jaundice 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, old age 2, teething 1, vomiting blood 1, whooping cough 2, small pox 1, sore throat 1, sudden death 1.

\* A man killed near the three-mile stone, by a sand bank falling upon him.

## MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoller, Mr. Robert Bleakley, merchant of this city, to Miss Christiana Clark, daughter of Alexander Clark, all of this city.



On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. Nathaniel Cokery, merchant, to Miss Rachel Allen, daughter of Mr. Wm. Allen, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Mr. Job Weeks, to Miss Phoebe Wright, both of this city.

At Elizabeth-Town, N. J. on Monday evening, by the rev. John McDowal, Mr. James Telfair, of this city, to Miss Mary-Ann Whitlock, daughter of Major Ephraim L. Whitlock, of that place.

At North Castle, Mr. John Hains, merchant of this city, to Miss Ferris, daughter of Thomas Ferris, esq. of that place.

At Albany, John Bronson, to Miss Catharine McGourk—Barent Roseboom, to Mrs. Timms, of Schenectady—Theodorus Ross, esq. of Willsborough, to Miss Eliza Gansevoort, of Greenbush.

At Philadelphia—Moses Sill, to Miss Lydia Anderson—At Charleston, Lewis Groning, to Miss Hannah Coan—Captain Edward Walker, to Miss Eliza Trasdale—At Alexandria, Capt. Long, to Miss Sarah Harper.

DIED, in Poughkeepsie, on Thursday last, after a short, but painful illness, Garrit B. Van Ness, Esq. of that place, counsellor at law, in the 33d year of his age. In the death of Mr. Van Ness, his family and relatives have sustained a loss, which time may soften, but which can never be repaid; society, also, in this event, has to mourn over one of its best ornaments—an honest man, and an intelligent and useful citizen.

#### FASHIONABLE VENDERS.

J. BARHAM,

No. 103, Maiden Lane,

Has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool an elegant and fashionable assortment of *Japaned and brass Feeders*, and by former arrivals, a handsome assortment of *cocalico and black ground Tea trays*, *tea urns*, *plate warmers*, *plated goods*, *ivory and other knives and forks*, *satin wood tea caddies*, *black-tin dish covers*, and all other articles suitable for housekeeping in the hard ware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or on credit.

A fashionable assortment of *andirons*, *shovel and tongs*, *jam hooks*, *brass-nosed bellows*, and *hearth brushes*, always on hand.

Oct 18.

#### TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT  
OF

#### TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses, for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm-Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s. 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24, 1806.

#### W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 33, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 29 Partition street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.



#### CHIP, STRAW, LEGHORN

AND ALL OTHER

FANCY HATS,

MADE & SOLD

BY N. B. BROWER,

At the HAT MANUFACTORY, No. 109

William, corner of John street, NEW-YORK.

Sep. 20

11



#### JOHN JONES,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL  
MAKER,

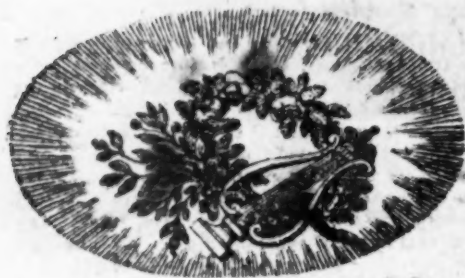
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET  
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above. Nov. 23.





For the Weekly Visitor.

SELECTED.

**SWEET ELLEN,— SORROW'S CHILD.**

COLD blew the wind, no gleam of light,  
When Ellen left her home;  
And brav'd the horrors of the night,  
O'er dreary wilds to roam:  
The lovely maid had late been gay,  
When hope and pleasure smil'd,  
But now, alas! how chang'd the day  
With Ellen...sorrow's child.

She long was William's promised bride,  
But ah! how sad a doom,  
The gentle youth in beauty's pride,  
Was summon'd to the tomb:  
No more those joys shall Ellen prove,  
Which many an hour beguil'd;  
From morn to eve she mourns her love...  
Sweet Ellen...sorrow's child.

With fault'ring step away she hies,  
O'er William's grave to weep,  
For Ellen there with tears and sighs,  
Her watch would often keep:  
The pitying angel saw her woe,  
And came with aspect mild,  
Thy tears shall now no longer flow,  
Sweet Ellen...sorrow's child.

Thy plaintive notes were heard above,  
Where thou shalt soon find rest;  
Again thou shalt behold thy love,  
And be forever blest:  
Ah! can such bliss be mine, she cried,  
With voice and looks so wild...  
Then sunk upon the earth and died,  
Sweet Ellen... SORROW'S CHILD.

MONEY, they say, is evil's root,  
But we most justly doubt it;  
Can we expect good thriving fruit  
From any stock without it?

For the Weekly Visitor.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

ADDISON.

THE modest Addison was accused by a lady of being dull and heavy in conversation. "Madam," he replied, with great dignity, "I have only nine pence in my pocket—but I can draw for a thousand pounds."

Dr. Darwin, who has the happy art of illustrating from the most familiar circumstances in real life the abstract theories of philosophy, gives us the following picturesque instance of the use of varying motives to prolong exertion: A little boy, who was tired of walking, begged of his papa to carry him. "Here," says his father, "ride on my gold-headed cane." The pleased child, putting it between his legs, galloped away with delight.

Alexander the Great, also, one day saw a poor man carrying upon his shoulders a very heavy load of silver for the royal camp: the man tottered under his burden and was ready to give up the point from fatigue. "Hold on my friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your own tent, for it is yours," said Alexander.

THE FEMALE EYE.

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye:—"the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

A father once addressed his son in the following words:—"I tell you, son, that you are good for nothing; you are a brute—I am your father; you know nothing—and I taught you all you know."

It was the opinion of a certain Spaniard, that dressing and undressing were quite sufficient exercise for the health of the body.

*Dress* is a foolish thing: yet it is more foolish not to be well-dressed.

The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at. As in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be more binding to the person who has received the benefit.

If a man be not so happy as he desires let this be his comfort;—that he is not so wretched as he deserves.

It is better to be well-deserving without praise, than to live by the air of undeserved commendation.

Not to speak what a man knows, is sometimes discretion; but to speak and not to know, is always folly, sometimes dishonesty.

He that desires a good and suspects his right to it, is bold and turbulent in the pursuit; whilst the man who is conscious to himself of good, rests happily content, till time crown him with the guerdon of patient expectation.

As he that climbs is in danger of falling, so is he that lies on the ground subject to be trampled on: he is in the happiest condition who moves in the middle region of the world, and considers that, as want is misery, abundance is but a trouble.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY, THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN ADVANCE.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY  
JOHN CLOUGH,  
NO. 120 PEARL STREET, NEAR THE  
S. COFFEE-HOUSE.





